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RANCOUR OF RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY.

"THE wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God." To mix up unhallowed passion in the defence of Christianity may serve the purposes of partizanship, but it must be, in proportion to its amount and virulence, subversive of the interests of "pure and undefiled religion." The cause of the Redeemer must be maintained with the weapons which the armoury of God furnishes, and in the spirit which the Gospel of Christ inspires. This truth must be known and acted upon, as the divinely appointed means of ensuring victory. If we encounter the enemy with weapons of earthly temperament, our defeat is certain and decisive; but if we put on "the whole armour of God," we shall stand in the evil day. "We do not war after the flesh; for the weapons of our warfare are not *carnal*, but *mighty* through God to the pulling down of strongholds:—casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ." Every true Christian will mourn when men, ignorantly or wickedly, labour to effect the extension of the Kingdom of Peace by fire and sword;—when the aggressive and defensive movements of any section of the church of Christ are conducted with ball and bayonet, Zion languisheth. The promptings of Philistine faith may send forth the champions of the church "with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield;" but a purer theology will teach them to enter the conflict in simple reliance upon "the Lord of Hosts, the God of the armies of Israel," who alone can render them conquerors, and more than conquerors. Let it, then, be understood, as a fixed principle, that those who maintain or propagate the religion of the cross, in whatever department,

shall employ the means which that religion sanctions, and shall oppose in themselves the workings of a rancourous spirit, which would obstruct, instead of advancing, their professed purpose, and which the Gospel itself stamps with disapprobation.

The observance of these plain principles and maxims of wisdom would, unquestionably, conciliate opposition, and obtain for truth a more candid and impartial hearing; while it is no way calculated to loosen the hold of Christian principle upon the heart. There are circumstances, however, in which the dictates of Scripture are forgotten, or very imperfectly kept in view. The feelings become too hot or too cold; the moral atmosphere by which we are surrounded, freezes or fires our mental energies, while effort is palsied on the one hand and maddened on the other. The latter consummation is alleged to be the inseparable attendant of religious controversy. Disputants in religion readily obtain credit from the world for taking as their motto—"Death or victory." This desperate decision in the matter is ascribed, with peculiar emphasis, to the *clergy* of the several denominations. Their bitterness in the field of strife has become proverbial; and men who have never been able to acquire half a dozen connected ideas upon any subject, consider themselves privileged, nevertheless, to sneer at the *interminable wranglings of religious controvertists, and especially of the clergy.* Such sneers we do not accuse of being without aim; but we affirm that they are miserably pointless. We justify not the rancour of religious or of any other kind of controversy; we heartily deprecate all bitterness, and wrath, and strife; we have no sympathy with the senseless personalities, which too often find their way into the gravest discussions; but we cannot repress our indignation at the knavish trickery of confounding serious, and earnest, and warm controversy, with the play of unhallowed passion. Is feeling to have no place in the discussion of those topics which are calculated to interest most deeply all the sensibilities of the heart? Are the latent springs of moral action to be touched without manifesting their power? We rouse the lion from his lair, and are surprised, forsooth, that he presents before us his brawny terrors. We must have the thunder-storm: the peal on peal of heaven's artillery fills our souls with conceptions of majesty and power; but we murmur at the forked lightning, without which the scene is yet shorn of its glories. If emotion and feeling have no concern with religion, let them be instantly hunted out of religious controversy. If, on the other hand, there is evidence that they, no less than the understanding it-

self, find abundant and legitimate exercise in the revelations of the Bible, it will be wise to use caution, and not rashly treat them as intruders in a province not their own. In matters purely intellectual, which have neither remote nor proximate bearing on the affections, let abstract reason be busied in piling up her systems of speculation in cold and solitary grandeur, and let not the shadow of an emotion enter within her guarded precincts. The object accomplished, we may view the great Babylon which reason has built, but while we admire its stupendous dimensions, and praise its architectural beauty, we cannot help feeling that it is what Robert Hall has felicitously designated—"the beauty of frost." If religious discussion is at all warrantable, and this, we believe, will be generally admitted, then, we say, it betrays a melancholy indifference to the dearest interests of man, to contend that fervour, and even warmth, are not essential elements of that state of mind which should be brought to the consideration of religious questions. This sentiment is amply borne out by the authority of Scripture.

1. We are enjoined to contend earnestly for the faith which was once delivered to the saints. We must *contend.* This implies opposition to the faith, and on our part a decided meeting and encountering of that opposition. The faith is attacked, and we are called upon to defend it. On the side of the faith, then, we must range intellect and feeling, and all the legitimate resources which we can command. And lest we should imagine that the victory shall be achieved without a struggle, we are required to contend *earnestly.* The energies of mind and heart must be thrown into our contendings for the faith. The concentrated powers of intellect and emotion are indispensable to a successful issue; and the man who does not bring these to the warfare is half vanquished already. Is it to be borne, that the marshalling of all the activities of our nature in the contests of party politics shall be cheered by the voice of public applause, but that he who evinces any degree of warmth in the defence and illustration of religious truth, and acts upon a just estimate of its importance, is to be branded as an enthusiast? A man becomes a little heated in protecting his property from plunder—maintaining his civil or domestic rights: do men condemn him for *that?* No; but they hold him up before the eye of the world as an example for public and private imitation. The cause of religion is, on some occasions, defended with a fervid impassioned ardour, which, we might conjecture, would on the same principle be at least excused, if not commended. But is it excused? Oh no! Some sturdy monopolist of cha-

rity and liberality is sure to utter his practised whine of condolence on the distressing want of temper, which, he regrets to say, the defence has exhibited! Now all this is the purest cant and the veriest puerility;—it cannot bear a moment's investigation, and yet its speciousness sometimes covers the malignity from which it emanates. The zealous Christian cannot too cordially despise such silly attempts to "fright him from his propriety," knowing, as he does, that they are so many bugbears artfully conjured up to deter him from *contending earnestly* for the faith which was once delivered to the saints.

2. The divinely accredited example of God's servants illustrates the necessity of fervour in the defence of religious truth. Fervour is warrantable; but it is more—it is essential. Neglecting it, the champion of truth leaves his best armour behind him. Look to the example of Elijah when single-handed he contended with the multitudinous priests of Baal. His was not a wintry defence of the cause of Israel's God. True and enlightened zeal animated his heart, and infused a glowing warmth into his sublime moral energies, burning and consuming the opposition of his idolatrous antagonists. Every feeling of the prophet was brought into intense action; every sensibility displayed its massive proportions. His soul, clad in Heaven's panoply, hurled tremendous sarcasm upon his enemies, and "withered all their strength." Are we, then, to maintain that the wrath of Elijah worked the righteousness of God? Did the prophet indulge the unsanctified dispositions of our nature, when he made such a masterly and severe exposure of the shallow pretensions of Baal's worshippers? Or, can we consider the "strife of tongues" as dictating the apostolic injunction, "Rebuke them sharply that they may be sound in the faith"? Was it unhallowed passion that prompted Paul to withstand Peter to the face, when that apostle proved himself guilty of dissimulation? In all these cases the spirit that breathed and burned was the spirit of Christianity. Its movements were mighty; its rebukes were as the fire of heaven, but they were in perfect accordance with the mind of God. This, then, is the principle:—let the zeal be according to godliness, and it will shine as the sun in the firmament, illuminating and warming all within the sphere of its benign influence. But if the zeal is blind or misguided, the more ardent its character, and the wider its operation, the more extensive and calamitous will be the accompanying mischief.

There are two classes of persons who earnestly enough declaim against the alleged rancour of religious controversy.

1. Those who feel that their cause has been damaged by the reasonings of a powerful and fervid eloquence. It is hard to witness unmoved the overthrow of our best constructed arguments; and still harder to commend the logic which has effected their subversion. We love our system, and cannot bring ourselves to think that any thing, save acrimonious feeling, could prompt any body to attack it. We are prepared, therefore, when other means of revenge fail us, to affirm with all our might, the terrible rancour of the enemy who has stormed our entrenchments, and made himself master of our strongholds, in despite of the well-directed fire which our batteries poured upon his lines. Shall we give him credit for this? Nay; but we will put ingenuity to the rack, in order to discover new plans for diminishing his reputation. And what plan so likely to succeed as that which promises to enlist the sympathies of the multitude on our behalf? Many a staunch heretic, for instance, has found his account with good Christian people by putting a face of martyrdom upon himself, and crying, Persecution! persecution! in a tone especially borrowed for the occasion! Such acts are despicable. Their appearance in discussion is a sure indication of the defeat of those who stoop to them; and yet, were they altogether laid aside, we should not hear so many complaints about the *rancour of religious controversy*. We admit it is the part of poor human nature thus to depreciate, if possible, a successful opponent; for no man will be caught praising the sharpness of the sword which has fleshed itself in his own body. But the propensity to lessen an antagonist, by ascribing to him qualities which do not characterize him at all, or, at least, not to a reprehensible extent, should and will be checked by every man who is honest in the sight of God. Defeat may be humbling; but it will teach an honest mind to substitute the love of truth for the love of party, and it will stimulate to an increased degree of vigorous and honourable emulation.

2. The rancour of religious controversy is generally overstated by those who take no interest whatever in religion. Persons of this class, also, practise a little deception, perhaps, upon themselves, and certainly upon the world. In words they denounce simply the bitterness of religious controversy; whereas their actions give evidence that they do not consider religion in any shape to be worth contending for. "They are quiet and peaceable persons, taking for the rule of their conduct, 'Live and let live'; and though they do not make so great a noise about religion as their neighbours, may be they are as good Chris-

tians for all that. They wonder why people make so much ado about a set of speculative opinions, and above all that there is so much wrangling and contention among those who ought to live together as brethren, and let one another's religious sentiments alone. The Bible contains enough for all, and is it not, then, passing strange that its contents should give rise to the slightest disputation?" But all this is the spawn of latitudinarian indifferentism, and it exhibits a gross outrage on the principles of common sense, as well as of scripture verity. Take possession of the estate, or shop, or counting-house of one of these worthies who talk so liberally respecting the Bible, and if he presume to remonstrate, which, on his own principles, he ought not to do, tell him that the world is wide enough for us all, and contains enough to satisfy the cupidity of the most avaricious. But will he listen to your plea? He has some concern respecting the property in question, and he will not allow you so easily to deprive him of his rights. A worldly man can understand well enough why persons contend for an estate; but for the life of him he cannot even imagine a reason for disputing about the interests of religion. These are interests the nature of which he has never studied, and their value has never entered into his grovelling calculations. According to his views, therefore, there is nothing which can justify religious controversy at all, much less any degree of fervour and determination in maintaining, not a set of speculative opinions, but the doctrines of the Gospel. He will not contend for these himself. Why? Because he is wholly unacquainted with their character and importance, as a revelation of the will of Heaven. But he does not stop here. He will venture to pronounce with oracular authority upon the conduct of the champions of the truth—conduct which excites his astonishment or his scorn. And what is the foundation of the judgment which falls from the lips of such a Daniel? It is pure, unblushing ignorance of the subject, which darkens his own mind, and has, perhaps, been an heir-loom in his family from time immemorial. Acquaintance with the nature of temporal rights teaches us to excuse, if not to defend, the warmth which is evinced in their protection; and we distinctly aver, that a similar affirmation may, with the utmost truth, be made respecting those rights which are spiritual. He who knows the value of a soul, and of the revealed truth through which it is saved from sin and death, will hold himself prepared, with heart, and mind, and strength, to "contend earnestly for the faith which was once delivered to the saints."

The above observations may remind Christians that the eye of the world is upon them; and though its censures are often unreasonable, yet they should recognize the solemn obligation, so to walk that none may give occasion to the enemy to "speak reproachfully." MELANCTHON.

THE DEAD SEA.

"Tristique palus inamabilis unda"—Virgil.

THE description of this strange lake which follows, is contained in a recent narrative of a residence at Jerusalem, and excursions into the surrounding country, given in the New Monthly Magazine. The neighbouring districts are spoken of as rocky, barren, and dreary.

The sea is discoloured by the waters of the Jordan for about two hundred yards, and at least four hundred feet up the stream, the water tastes extremely salt and brackish. The south side is covered with a quantity of low shrubs, and about one hundred yards from the river, a low line of sand separates its DEBORDEMENS from the sea.—Here, also, are a few trees, the greater part shrunk up and withered. We now proceed to the shore. The view from this point is singularly striking. The mountains of Moab on the east, and the continuation of the chain Gebel Nalse on the west, form a vast basin. No plains of any extent intervene between the mountain and the sea.—The sandy plains of Jericho stretch off, blank and waste, to the north. We sat down for a time, in silent astonishment, and gazed, strongly impressed by the sight, on the universal desolation which weighed, like a curse, on every thing around us. We were seated on a withered trunk, which had been carried down by the river, and afterwards rejected by the sea. Large fragments of a similar kind lay scattered around us, half buried in the sand; beyond these were long crusts, or shells of salt, glistening and cracking under the feet of our horses, that were wandering about in search of some sour herbage, and finding none, had at last approached to where we were placed. A few sickly plants, half smothered in the mud and salt of the frequent inundations, made a sort of wood. Near drooped one or two squalid knots of tulips, mixed with glaring yellow flowers; and we heard, from time to time, the melancholy song of a few lonesome birds on the stunted trees. After a short repose, we stripped, and rushed into the waters. They bore us up with

great force as we advanced. We took precautions not to wet the head. The travellers who had preceded us had suffered from neglect in this respect. The water seemed tolerably clear until taken up in the hand, when it looked oily, and resembled brandy when mixed with water. The general hue was a dead, palish green, approaching the blue; the bottom slippery and slimy, cleft strongly up and down for several feet together, and here and there scooped and sunk into pits and holes. The slime on the shore assumed the appearance and the consistency of stone. The sensation on leaving the water was disagreeable in the extreme. It did not, indeed, produce that contraction of the skin, mentioned by most writers, but we felt instead, a clammy oily feeling, not unlike honey half washed off. I saw no asphaltum floating on the surface of the sea; but we picked up some particles, the largest not longer than an inch, and perfectly black, on the shore. The water tasted particularly salt, bitter, and pungent, and left a strong, sharp, stinging sensation on the tongue, nose, and eyes. The salt deposit, too, on our beards and skin was very considerable, and most unpleasant. The whole scene was one of utter desolation. Not a human being was visible in the neighbourhood; not a single symptom or vestige of man. A few straggling birds, and the fragments of a few shells in the sand, were the only evidences of life.

INDECISION OF CHARACTER.

A PERSON of undecisive character wonders how all the embarrassments in the world happened to meet exactly in *his* way, to place him just in that one situation for which he is peculiarly unadapted, and in which he is also willing to think no other man could have acted with much facility or confidence. Incapable of setting up a firm purpose on the basis of things as they are, he is often employed in vain speculations on some different supposable state of things, which would have saved him from all this perplexity and irresolution. He thinks what a determined course he would have pursued, *if* his talents, his health, his age, had been different; if he had been acquainted with some one person sooner; if his friends were, in this or the other point, different from what they are; or if fortune had showered her favours on him. And he gives himself as much license to complain, as if all these advantages had been among the rights of his nativity, but refused, by a malignant or capricious fate, to his life. Thus he is occupied, instead of catch-

ing with a vigilant eye, and seizing with a strong hand, all the possibilities of his actual situation.

A man without decision can never be said to belong to himself; since, if he dared to assert that he did, the puny force of some cause, about as powerful, you would have supposed, as a spider, may make a capture of the hapless boaster the very next moment, and triumphantly exhibit the futility of the determinations by which he was to have proved the independence of his understanding and his will. He belongs to whatever can seize him; and innumerable things do actually verify their claim on him, and arrest him as he tries to go along; as twigs and chips, floating near the edge of a river, are intercepted by every weed, and whirled in every little eddy. Having concluded on a design, he may pledge himself to accomplish it—*if* the hundred diversities of feeling which may come within the week, will let him. As his character precludes all foresight of his conduct, he may sit and wonder what form and direction his views and actions are destined to take to-morrow; as a farmer has often to acknowledge that next day's proceedings are at the disposal of its winds and clouds.

This man's opinions and determinations always depend very much on other human beings; and what chance for consistency or stability, while the persons with whom he may converse, or transact, are so various? This very evening, he may talk with a man whose sentiments will melt away the present form and outline of his purposes, however firm and defined he may have fancied them to be. A succession of persons whose faculties were stronger than his own, might, in spite of his irresolute reaction, take him and dispose of him as they pleased. An infirm character practically confesses itself made for subjection, and the man so constituted passes, like a slave, from owner to owner.—*Foster's Essay.*

TURKEY AND EGYPT.

THE Turkish empire has, for some years past, evidently been in a state of rapid decay. By sea and land she has suffered a variety of defeats and disasters. Her allies have deserted her; her tributaries have thrown off the yoke; her provinces have rebelled; and she who, in former times, had subjected so many nations to her power, has in turn experienced invasion, defeat, and dismemberment.

Such is the present state of that majestic empire whose power was once so terrible, and whose vast dominion, extending from Bagdad to Belgrade, has in our days for the first time suffered any serious dismemberment. The decay of the Ottoman Porte has long been perceptible to every observer; the symptoms of internal weakness and approaching dissoluton must appear in the revolt of her satraps, and the conquest of her provinces. The last eight or ten years seem to have opened a new era in the history of the Turkish dynasty. Greece was the first to rise against her Mahommedan oppressor, but would soon have been once more crushed to the earth, had it not been for the encouragement derived from the sympathy of the whole of Christendom, and still more from the secret aid and promises of Russia. The destruction of the naval power of Turkey, at Navarino, was in itself an event so unexpected and so fatally important, that he must indeed be a blind worshipper of chance who does not see in it the finger of Jehovah. It is a fact now pretty well understood, and one which, at all events, rests on the best authority, that, previous to that catastrophe, the Allied Powers had positively agreed to no definite plan. In a posthumous letter of a friend of Mr. Gallatin, the American Envoy, addressed to a correspondent in this country, the following passage occurs: "Mr. ——, (Mr. Gallatin) quoting the saying of Oxenstiers, 'go, my son, and see how little sense governs the world,' assures me that the three great Allied Powers had no plan when this war with Turkey began; that each of the ambassadors, with your prime minister, confessed it to him; that Capo d'Istria declared it to be so, and that while he (Mr. Gallatin) urged it upon each previously to resolve upon their ultimatum as to what should be done with Greece, what should be her boundaries, what the boundaries of the Porte, and what the state of the adjoining territory, and that then Austria should not be permitted to be neutral, and the Porte be absolutely threatened with the war of all united if she would not yield; that no one of these things was done, no plan of the future was formed, but they went blindly forward, and as Capo d'Istria's phrase was, he was forced to commit himself to the chapter of accidents."

The battle of Navarino took all Europe and America by surprise. It was at first hailed by our government as glorious, then stigmatized as "untoward." But it was only the beginning of woe to the Turkish power. Since that period Russia has for the first time crossed the Balcan, captured Adrianople, the original metropolis of the Turks, pushed forward her vic-

torious cohorts almost to the shores of the Bosphorus, and would even have planted the Imperial Eagle on the dome of St. Sophia itself, had not the warlike demonstrations of Great Britain, backed by the remonstances of France, arrested Nicholas in his career of conquest and saved Constantinople. A treaty of peace was concluded; several provinces were finally ceded to the invader, and others still more important were occupied as a pledge for the payment of a ruinous and exhausting indemnity for the expenses of the conqueror.

But the revolt of the Pasha of Egypt and the loss of Syria are events of still darker omen to the Porte. What may be the end of his triumphs, it is impossible to foresee. He is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable men of his age. That Egypt herself shall never again raise her imperial head from the dust of more than 2,000 years, seems to be the express declaration of holy prophecy. "*It shall be the basest of the kingdoms; neither shall it exalt itself any more above the nations; for I will diminish them, that they shall no more rule over the nations.*" Such was the awful judgment denounced upou a nation the most renowned for her antiquity, her arts, her science, her opulence, and her power. But she had been a God-forgetting, self-idolizing nation. It was her crime to trust in her own strength and providential advantages. She had said, "*My river is my own, and I made it for myself.*" She had also oppressed, seduced, and deceived the Lord's chosen people; and the hour of retribution came, as in our days the justice of the Almighty seems to be rising against the false prophet. Since the time when Egypt was doomed to grovel in the dust, "the basest of kingdoms," it has successively become the prey of one conqueror after another.—The Persian Cyrus succeeded the Babylonian Nebuchadnezzar, and the Roman legionaries subdued the Macedonian dynasty. The Saracens next overwhelmed Egypt in their locust flight over so large a portion of the world. In the twelfth century the Saracenic dynasties were finally supplanted by the Turks, then only rising into importance. The Egyptian Sultans were dethroned by their Mamelukes, and the several dynasties, both of the Turkish and Circassian Mamelukes, reigned over Egypt, as well as Nubia, Arabia, and Syria, from the middle of the thirteenth to the beginning of the fifteenth century. Their throne was also supported by Mamelukes, or guards, who resembled the Janissaries, being natives of Tartary, purchased in their infancy of the Syrian merchants, and educated in the camp and palace of their new master. But their empire was finally broken

by Selim the Great, whose conquests once spread terror over Christendom, and the beys and viceroys of Egypt have, up to the present period, paid a slight acknowledgment of tribute and subjection to the Ottoman Porte.

It has been the fate of the infidel Gibbon to bear reluctant witness to the truth of those Scriptures on whose authority he trampled. A better commentary on the prophecy of Ezekiel could not be found than the following extract from his 59th chapter: "A more unjust and absurd constitution cannot be devised, than that which condemns the natives of a country to perpetual servitude, under the arbitrary dominion of strangers and slaves. Yet such has been the state of Egypt above five hundred years. The most illustrious Sultan of the Baharite and Borgite dynasties (the two dynasties of Mamelukes) were themselves promoted from the Tartar and Circassian bands; and four-and-twenty beys, or military chiefs, have even been succeeded, not by their sons, but by their servants." Under the government of the present ruler of Egypt, Mahomed Ali, a still further revolution has occurred by the treacherous massacre of the greater part of the Mamelukes, and the expulsion of the rest from Egypt. Such was the termination of this extraordinary but gallant race of plunderers and oppressors, among whom slavery was considered the most honourable distinction, and was essential to the attainment of power and eminence. The Copts, who are the original inhabitants of Egypt, are still treated as a "base" people. They are treated with contempt by their Arab and Turkish conquerors. They are excluded from all political consideration, but are employed as collectors of taxes, intendants, and in different branches of commerce.

Such are our reasons for believing that Egypt will continue "the basest of the kingdoms," at all events, till that glorious period which we understand to be millenial, "when the Lord shall be known to Egypt, and the Egyptians shall know the Lord in that day,"—"in that day" when "Israel shall be third with Egypt and with Assyria, even a blessing in the midst of the land whom the Lord shall bless, saying, Blessed be Egypt, my people, and Assyria, the work of my hands, and Israel, mine inheritance."

By the soundest, and most judicious interpreters of prophecy, the Turkish power has long been regarded as the great river Euphrates, which is to be dried up," that "the way of the kings of the east" may be prepared. If, therefore, the mere political aspect of affairs in the east is rivetting the attention of

worldly politicians, even amidst the gigantic events which are crowding upon Europe; if the tottering empire of the Othman dynasty seems to be menaced with dissolution; if the worship of the False Prophet is waning to extinction, and the hour of its final doom is almost arrived; how ought the Christian to regard these signs of the times? Shall not the contemplation of these events strengthen his faith, encourage his heart, and stimulate his zeal? Will not his affections be more strongly drawn out towards his Lord, while he discerns the tokens of his approaching kingdom in the breaking up of ancient superstitions, the overturn of ancient empires, and the universal spread of civil and of gospel liberty. What though the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing; what though the kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord and his anointed; his kingdom ruleth over all, and he is the governor among the nations.

RELIGION OF THE HEART.

President Edwards' account of his Christian Experience.

From my childhood up, my mind had been full of objections against the doctrine of God's Sovereignty, in choosing whom he would to eternal life, and rejecting whom he pleased, leaving them eternally to perish, and be everlastingly tormented in hell. It used to appear like a horrible doctrine to me. But I remember the time very well when I seemed to be convinced, and fully satisfied, as to the sovereignty of God, and his justice in thus eternally disposing of men, according to his sovereign pleasure; but never could give an account how, or by what means I was thus convinced,—not in the least imagining at the time, nor a long time after, that there was any extraordinary influence of God's Spirit in it; but only that now I saw further, and my reason apprehended the justice and reasonableness of it. However, my mind rested in it; and it put an end to all those cavils and objections. And there has been a wonderful alteration in my mind, with respect to the doctrine of God's sovereignty, from that day to this; so that I scarce ever have found so much as the raising of an objection against it, in the most absolute sense, in God showing mercy to whom he will show mercy, and hardening whom he will. God's absolute sovereignty and justice, with respect to salvation and damnation, is what my mind seems to rest assured of, as much

as of any thing that I see with my eyes; at least it is so at times. But I have often, since that first conviction, had quite another kind of sense of God's sovereignty than I had then. I have often since had not only a conviction, but a *delightful* conviction. The doctrine has very often appeared exceedingly pleasant, bright, and sweet. Absolute sovereignty is what I love to ascribe to God. But my first conviction was not so.

The first instance that I remember of that sort of inward, sweet delight in God and in divine things, that I have lived much in since, was on reading those words, 1 Tim. i. 17,—*Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honour and glory, for ever and ever. Amen.* As I read the words, there came into my soul, and was, as it were, diffused through it, a sense of the glory of the divine Being; a new sense, quite different from anything I ever experienced before. Never any words of Scripture seemed to me as these words did. I thought with myself how excellent a being that was, and how happy I should be if I might enjoy that God, and be rapt up to him in heaven; and be, as it were, swallowed up in him for ever! I kept saying, and as it were singing over these words of Scripture to myself; and went to pray to God that I might enjoy him; and prayed in a manner quite different from what I used to do,—with a new sort of affection. But it never came into my thoughts that there was any thing spiritual, or of a saving nature in this.

From about that time I began to have a new kind of apprehensions and ideas of Christ, and the work of redemption, and the glorious way of salvation by him. An inward, sweet sense of these things at times came into my heart, and my soul was led away in pleasant views and contemplations of them; and my mind was greatly engaged to spend my time in reading and meditating on Christ, on the beauty and excellency of his person, and the lovely way of salvation by free grace in him. I found no books so delightful to me as those which treated of these subjects. Those words, Cant. ii. 1, used to be abundantly with me, *I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys.* The words seemed to me sweetly to represent the loveliness and beauty of Jesus Christ. The whole book of Canticles used to be pleasant to me, and I used to be much in reading it about that time; and found, from time to time, an inward sweetness that would carry me away in my contemplations. This I know not how to express, otherwise than by a calm, sweet, abstraction of soul from all the concerns of this world; and sometimes a kind of vision, or fixed ideas and ima-

ginations, of being alone in the mountains or some solitary wilderness, far from all mankind, sweetly conversing with Christ, and wrapt and swallowed up in God! The sense I had of divine things would often of a sudden kindle up, as it were, a sweet burning in my heart, an ardour of soul that I know not how to express.

Not long after I first began to experience these things, I gave an account to my father of some things which passed in my mind. I was pretty much affected by the discourse we had together; and when the discourse was ended, I walked abroad alone, in a solitary place in my father's pasture, for contemplation. And as I was walking there, and looking upon the sky and clouds, there came into my mind so sweet a sense of the glorious *majesty* and *grace* of God as I know not how to express. I seemed to see them both in a sweet conjunction. Majesty and meekness joined together: it was a sweet, and gentle, and holy majesty; and also a majestic meekness; an awful sweetness; a high, and great, and holy gentleness.

After this my sense of divine things gradually increased, and became more and more lively, and had more of that inward sweetness. The appearance of every thing was altered; there seemed to be, as it were, a calm, sweet cast or appearance of divine glory, in almost every thing. God's excellency, his wisdom, his purity, and his love seemed to appear in every thing;—in the sun, moon, and stars; in the clouds and blue sky; in the grass, flowers, trees; in the water, and all nature; which used greatly to fix my mind. I often used to sit and view the moon for a long time; and, in the day, spent much time in viewing the clouds and sky, to behold the sweet glory of God in these things: in the mean time, singing forth with a low voice my contemplations of the Creator and Redeemer. And scarce any thing, among all the works of nature, was so sweet to me as thunder and lightning: formerly nothing had been so terrible to me. Before, I used to be uncommonly terrified with thunder, and to be struck with terror when I saw a thunder-storm rising; but now, on the contrary, it rejoiced me. I felt God, if I may so speak, at the first appearance of a thunder-storm; and used to take the opportunity, at such times, to fix myself in order to view the clouds, and see the lightnings play, and hear the majestic and awful voice of God's thunders; which oftentimes was exceedingly entertaining, leading me to sweet contemplations of my great and glorious God. While thus engaged, it always seemed natural for me to sing or chaunt

forth my meditations, or to speak my thoughts in soliloquies with a singing voice.

The heaven I desired was a heaven of holiness; to be with God, and to spend my eternity in divine love, and holy communion with Christ. My mind was very much taken up with contemplations on heaven, and the enjoyments there; and living there in perfect holiness, humility, and love; and it used at that time to appear a great part of the happiness of heaven, that there the saints could express their love to Christ. It appeared to me a great clog and burden, that what I felt within I could not express as I desired. The inward ardour of my soul seemed to be hindered and pent up, and could not freely flame out as it would. I used often to think how in heaven this principle should freely and fully vent and express itself. Heaven appeared exceedingly delightful, as a world of love; and that all happiness consisted in living in pure, humble, heavenly, divine love.

I remember the thoughts I used then to have of holiness; and said sometimes to myself, "I do certainly know that I love holiness, such as the Gospel prescribes." It appeared to me that there was nothing in it but what was ravishingly lovely; the highest beauty and amiableness—a *divine* beauty; far purer than any thing here upon earth; and that every thing else was like mire and defilement in comparison of it.

SEEK IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

My grandfather one night had lost his spectacles, and two or three of us undertook to find them; but after looking for some time to no purpose, we gave up the search, and my grandfather at last found them on the top of his own wig. We all had a hearty laugh, in which he as heartily joined, and he then began to talk to us on the advantage, when any thing was lost, of looking in the proper place; and he thus proceeded:

Once I remember losing a crown piece, and setting a servant to find it. He pulled about the chairs and tables, removed my writing-desk, took up the fender, and rummaged the room thoroughly, making a great bustle, and wondering how it could be that the crown-piece was not to be found. Still he did not find it for me, though he said that he had looked every where, and so he had every where but *in the right place*, and that was in his own waistcoat pocket, for there I afterwards

understood it was all the time; so that he need not have wondered so very much at his not being able to find it.

You may depend upon it, that this looking for things in the wrong place is a very general failing among us all.

When a poor man finds that poverty has made his own house uncomfortable, where does he look for comfort? Too frequently at the public-house. Away he goes with what little he has got, and setting himself down in the corner, by the fire, he calls for his pint of ale. While he sits drinking, a friend pops in that he has not seen for some time, so they must have another pint between them; and then, as their hearts grow warm, and the remembrance of their troubles passes away, it becomes next to impossible to leave a pleasant companion, and a pint of fresh ale, and a good fire, for an uncomfortable and cheerless home. Another pint is called for; one sings 'Begone dull care,' and the other some other foolish song. The poor man, at last, rises to go, but his friend reminds him that it may be long before they meet again, and proposes a parting pint. The parting pint is brought in, and, at a late hour, the poor fellow reels home to a poor habitation, and a wretched family, that he has made poorer and rendered more wretched by his intemperance. Why, this poor man finds out, to his sorrow, that he has not been looking for comfort *in the right place.*

Almost all young people indulge in dreams that are in themselves useless. When they hear of the wide world, they think what great things they would do, if they were here, or there, or yonder; or, if they had this, or that, or the other. But, depend upon it, almost all that is worth having, or, at least, all that would be good for us to possess, may be obtained whereever we are, if we seek for it, by diligently and uprightly using the faculties God has given us, and look to him for his blessing. We may look for a thousand things, in a thousand ways, but it will be in vain if we neglect to look for them *in the right place.*

This is a subject on which I ought to manifest much forbearance, for it would not be right in me to be severe upon others, for doing that which I have so frequently done myself. Many years was I looking for peace, and found it not; and the only reason why I did not find it was, that I did not look for it *in the right place;* if I had, I doubt not that I should have found it.

First, I thought that money would assuredly give it me, and I set to work, determined that whoever might be poor, I would not; and if working hard, and spending little, is the way to

obtain riches, I verily believe I should have been rich, had it not occurred that one day, opening the Bible, I read about the rich man in the parable. This account, and the verse that told me it was easier "for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven," so startled me, that I was afraid to be rich, lest when I died, my riches might bear testimony against me, that I had not relieved the wants of the distressed, and made a good use of my riches.

Well, thought I, if riches will not do, I will get reputation. I will be clever at a thousand things, and shall then always have enough to employ and amuse me; I shall be at peace. But somehow, the thought of another world followed me, and convinced me, though I might be at peace in this world, I should not, on that account, have any certainty of being at peace in another.

Just at this time, too, I picked up Esop's Fables, and read of the cat and the fox. The cat had but one shift, the fox had a thousand; but when the hounds came in sight, the cat with her one shift, ran up a tree and saved her life, while the poor fox with his thousand shifts, was overtaken and torn in a thousand pieces. I then gave up my intention of being clever at so many things.

My next determination was to make friends, for I thought they would increase my joys, and solace me in my sorrows, as well as give me the best advice in obtaining peace. Alas! I soon found that one friend was called away; a second quarreled with me, and became my enemy; and a third died: so that I plainly saw it would be folly to depend upon my friends for peace; and that I must certainly have looked in the *wrong place* to find it.

One Sabbath afternoon, I heard a sermon from the text, "There is no peace to the wicked;" thus I was instructed, that where wickedness was, peace could never dwell. This brought me back again to my Bible, where I read of that "peace that passes all understanding." So, seeing that I had all along sought for peace every where, but *in the right place*, I sought it where it is to be found, and that is in the gospel of our Redeemer, which tells us that "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." I had before been instructed that I was a sinner, but now I was taught to feel it, and the promises of the Gospel brought home to my heart by the Holy Spirit, gave me that peace which the world giveth not, and cannot take away. Be assured if with sincerity you seek in the same place, you

will also find it, for "he that seeketh shall find, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."

The Bible asks, "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" and truly we may as easily expect them to do this, as to hope that we shall ever find many things that we want, in the places we seek to obtain them. No, no; we shall never find them till we look *in the right place* for them. What a long story have I made about seeking things in the right place, and all because I happened to lose, for a minute or two, my poor spectacles. Well! what I have said will not be in vain, if it teach you to be a little more careful in seeking things aright.

If you want money, seek it by diligence in your calling, and habits of frugality; if you want reputation, seek it by punctuality and integrity, and by the determination to excel in all you undertake; if you want friends, seek them by endeavouring to deserve them; but, if you want peace, you may look for it every way, and in every place in vain, unless you seek it from the Lord Jesus Christ who died for our sins, and rose again for our justification.

You must remember that I did not look for my spectacles before I found that I had lost them; and so in like manner no one will seek for any thing heartily until he feels the want of it.

My dear children, you will not seek peace until you have known sorrow; you will not seek a Saviour until you know yourselves to be sinners; for until then, you will feel no want of the one or the other.

The wide world is before you, many are its pleasures and many are its pains. Both are necessary; because both of them, through the grace of God, when sanctified to our souls, are made instrumental in doing us good,—the former by making our hearts grateful, the latter by showing us our own weakness. But when the pleasures and pains of this world are passed, we shall enter on the pleasures or the pains of a world that is eternal. What an overwhelming subject is this for our reflection, and how is it that it does not, frequently as we are reminded of it, occupy more of our attention? Surely, if it did, we should be diligent in our inquiries after the best information upon it, and be anxious to seek, *in the right place*, for that peace and assurance which can alone be obtained through the blood of the cross; which God alone can give, and which he will never withhold from those who seek it in sincerity and truth. Seek it thus, in your earliest days, and as surely as your grandfather

is talking to you, so surely you shall find it.—*London Child's Companion.*

THE PHYSICIAN OF MARSEILLES.

WHILST the plague raged violently at Marseilles, every link of affection was broken; the father turned from the child, the child from the father: cowardice and ingratitude no longer excited indignation. Misery is at its height when it thus destroys every generous feeling, thus dissolves every tie of humanity! The city became a desert—grass grew in the streets—a funeral met you at every step. The physicians assembled in a body at the Hotel de Ville, to hold a consultation on the fearful disease, for which no remedy had yet been discovered. After a long deliberation, they decided unanimously that the malady had a serious and mysterious character, which opening a corpse alone could develope,—an operation it was impossible to attempt, since the operator must infallibly become a victim in a few hours, beyond the power of human art, as the violence of the attack would preclude their administering the customary remedies. A dead pause succeeded the fatal declaration. Suddenly, a surgeon named Guyon, in the prime of life and of great celebrity in his profession, rose and said firmly, "Be it so. I devote myself for the safety of my country. Before this numerous assembly I swear, in the name of humanity and religion, that to-morrow, at the break of the day, I will dissect a corpse, and write down, as I proceed, what I observe." He left the assembly instantly. They admired him, lamented his fate, and doubted whether he would persist in his design. The intrepid Guyon, animated by all the sublime energy which patriotism can inspire, acted up to his words. He had never married; he was rich; he immediately made a will; and in the middle of the night received his sacrament. A man had died of the plague in his house within four-and-twenty hours. Guyon, at day-break, shut himself up in the same room; he took with him pen, ink, and paper. Full of enthusiasm, and kneeling before the corpse, he wrote, "Mouldering remains of an immortal soul, not only can I gaze on thee without horror, but even with joy and gratitude. Thou wilt open to me the gates of a glorious eternity. In discovering to me the secret cause of the terrible disease which destroys my native city, thou wilt enable me to point out some salutary remedy—thou wilt render my sacrifice useful. O God, thou wilt bless the action

thou hast thyself inspired." He began—he finished the dreadful operation—and recorded in detail his surgical operations. He left the room, threw the papers into a vase of vinegar, and afterwards sought the lazaretto, where he died in twelve hours,—a death ten thousand times more glorious than the warrior's who, to save his country, rushes on the enemy's ranks, since he advances with hope, sustained, admired, and seconded by the whole army.—*La Peste de Marseilles, by Madame de Genlis.*

BIBLICAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

Prov. xxi. 1,—The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord as the rivers of water: he turneth it whithersoever he will.

A RENDERING rigidly literal is the following:—"Rivers of water (is) the king's heart in the hand of the Lord: to every quarter which he pleaseth he turneth it." We have retained the word "rivers," although by no means an adequate representative of the original. The point of the comparison is not to indicate, that as the Creator of the world, in his sovereign pleasure and almighty power, marked out the courses of the great rivers of the globe, from their spring-heads in the mountains to their outlets in the ocean, so he exercises a similar controul over the hearts of kings and princes, swaying them by the secret impulse of his Spirit as he pleases, yet in perfect consistency with their freedom as moral agents. Such a comparison would, no doubt, have illustrated an important truth; but such is not precisely the source from whence the present similitude is drawn. The original term rendered "rivers," ("Pelagim," from "Phalag," *to divide, to split*), signifies *divisions, partitions, sections,* and refers to the ancient oriental methods of conveying water to orchards and gardens. This was by means of canals, or rivulets flowing in artificial channels, called in Hebrew *divisions*, that is, *cuts* or *trenches*, which distributed the water in every direction, to irrigate abundantly their otherwise parched and barren soil. With a similar allusion, the Psalmist, Psalm i. 3, says of the godly man, the lover of the divine law, that "he shall be like a tree planted by the *rivers of water* (Hebrew, divisions or sections of water), that bringeth forth his fruit in his season, and his leaf shall not wither." The reference is doubtless to trees nourished by artificial irrigation, like those of which Maundrell speaks in

the neighbourhood of Damascus. "The gardens," says he, (Trav. p. 122), "are thick set with fruit trees of all kinds, kept fresh and verdant by the waters of the Barady. This river, as soon as it issues out from the cleft of the mountain before mentioned into the plain, is immediately divided into three streams, of which the middlemost and largest runs directly to Damascus, through a large open field, and is distributed to all the cisterns and fountains in the city. The other two, which I take to be the work of art, *are drawn round, the one to the right hand and the other to the left* ("as the rivers of water are turned"), on the borders of the gardens, into which they are let out as they pass, *by little currents* ("divisions") and so dispersed all over the vast wood; insomuch that there is not a garden but has a fine quick stream running through it." The same traveller describing, p. 39, the orange-garden of the Emir of Beyroot, observes that "it contains a large quadrangular plot of ground, divided into sixteen lesser squares, four in a row, with walks between them. The walks are shaded with orange trees, of a large spreading size. Every one of these sixteen lesser squares in the garden was bordered with stone; and in the stone work were troughs very artificially contrived, for conveying the water all over the garden; *there being little outlets cut at every tree, for the stream as it passed by to flow out and water it.*" With these items of oriental custom before us, we perceive at once the point of the comparison in the passage under consideration. As these fertilizing rivulets, the work of art, were conducted forwards or backwards, to the right hand or to the left, diverted or stopped, at the will of the gardener or forester, so is the heart of kings, and by parity of reasoning, of the rich and mighty of the earth, swayed at the sovereign disposal of the Lord of all creatures. He, by the course of his providence, and by the inward promptings of his Spirit, can turn the tide of their favour, the enriching streams of their bounty, in any direction he sees fit, whether by blessing the poor with bread, or supplying the destitute with the means of salvation. "Rivers of water is the king's heart in the hands of the Lord." In connexion with the foregoing, we may briefly advert to one or two other passages of kindred import. In Deut. xi. 10, it is said of the land of promise, "The land whither thou goest in to possess it, is not as the land of Egypt, from whence ye came out, where thou sowedst thy seed, *and wateredst with thy foot*, as a garden of herbs." The phrase, "watering with the foot," refers to the construction of channels and water-courses like those above mentioned, which

was accomplished *by the action of the foot in digging.* So also in 2 Kings, xix. 24,—"I have digged and drunk strange waters, *and with the sole of my feet have I dried up* all the rivers of besieged places;" that is, I have digged new channels by the labours of the spade, have turned the rivers out of their ancient courses, which consequently were dried up, and thus have made my army to drink of "strange waters," flowing in channels to which they had never been accustomed. It would with us be a very bold figure to say that Cyrus dried up the Euphrates, the river of Babylon, "with his foot;" but when understood, as now explained, of digging a new channel, which was done with proper implements by the agency of a thousand feet, the expression would be by no means high-wrought to the imagination of an oriental.

Eccles. xii. 12,—And further, by these, my son, be admonished: of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh.

THE peculiar usage of the Hebrew term for "making" must be adverted to, to gain a correct idea of the meaning of this pasage. The verb thus translated has, in numerous instances, the import of *increasing, accumulating, amassing,* just as in English we say that "a man *makes* money;" that is, accumulates wealth. Thus, Gen. xii. 5, "And Abram took Sarai his wife, and Lot his brother's son, and all their substance that they had gathered, and the souls that they had *gotten* in Haran;" Heb. *had made;* that is, the persons whom he had added to his establishment; those whom he had prevailed upon to become his adherents, whether as servants or proselytes. Gen. xxxi. 1, "And of that which was our father's hath he *gotten* (Heb. *made*) all this glory." Deut. viii. 17, 18, "And thou say in thine heart, my power and the might of mine hand hath *gotten* (Hebrew *made*) me this wealth. But thou shalt remember the Lord thy God; for it is he that giveth thee power to *get* (Heb. *make*) wealth." Gen xli. 47, "And in the seven plenteous years the earth *brought forth* (Heb. *made*) by handfulls." Psalm cvii. 37, "And sow the fields, and plant vineyards which may *yield* (Heb. *make*) fruits of increase." Isaiah v. 2, "And he looked that it should *bring forth* (Heb. *make*) grapes, and it *brought forth* (Heb. *made*) wild grapes." So in the Greek, Luke xix. 18, "Lord thy pound hath *gained* (Gr. *made*) five pounds." John xv. 2, "Every branch in me that *beareth* (Gr. *maketh*)

not fruit, he taketh away." The exact sense, then, of the Preacher we gather to be this; That the propensity of some men to collect and amass books for libraries is insatiable; that it is a business to which there is no end; the addition of one leading to that of another, and that again of another, and so on interminably. Not that this disposition is condemned; the wise man only pronounces a wise man's judgment upon it, that the much study connected with it is "a weariness of the flesh," and may render its votary a fit subject of the admonition, that "The conclusion of the whole matter," or the great end of life, "is to fear God and keep his commandments."—*New York Observer.*

TIME AND ETERNITY.

Our life is *a passage to eternity;* it ought to be a continual *meditation* on eternity, and a constant *preparation* for it.

Those hours which you spend in *communion with* God, are the golden spots of all your time, and will have the sweetest influence upon your last hours.

Look back, and time was when *your soul was not;* look forward, and *your soul shall exist when time shall be no more!*

What is THE WORLD to those who are *in the grave,* where *your body* must soon be? And what is the world to those who are *in eternity,* where *your soul* must soon be?

Nothing upon earth seems great to him who dwells much upon eternity.

HOLINESS.

We cannot begin to lead a *holy* life, until we look to Christ for the pardon of sin.

He that hath the strongest faith,—he that believes, in the greatest degree, the promise of pardon and the remission of sins,—has the holiest heart and the holiest life.

Duties are ours; events are the Lord's.

To be holy is to put on Christ,—to resemble Christ in spirit and conduct, as one man resembles another, who follows his example.

Nothing less than the renewal of the image of God in our souls, will make us *holy* according to the Gospel.

Morality is not holiness: it does not change our nature. Holiness is that habitual principle of spiritual life and power, which renders us more and more conformable to the image of God.

Sincerity in a man's professing and acting his real sentiments may be *commended;* but it can never *take away the guilt* of his not conforming his sentiments to the mind of the Spirit and the will of God.

On every action of the disciples of Christ should be inscribed HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD. They should walk among men as *the sons of* GOD, and *inheritors of the kingdom of heaven.*

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH GOVERNMENT.

To the Editors of the Christian Freeman.

CHARLES understood the matter well when he said that Presbyterianism is not the religion of a gentleman. What was Charles's idea of a gentleman is no deep problem. Many of his cavaliers gave practical illustration of it. Presbyterianism gives too much power to the people to be a supple tool of despotism. The representation of the people through lay elders, the equality of ministers, and the determination of matters in debate in open court by simple majorities, have rendered Presbyterianism an abomination in the eyes of all who, like Charles and his persecuting race, would erect the throne of despotism on the ruins of national freedom. The hatred of the haters of religious and political liberty cannot, however, alter the declarations and the precedents of the sacred record on which Presbyterianism is immoveably established. Presbyterianism is not only the form of church government taught in the Bible, but it commends itself to the good sense of mankind, when viewed without connexion with the prejudice of party. Look to the operations of an Episcopalian or Independent missionary society, and behold Presbytery at work, without the name. It is a good omen for futurity to see of late, both in the Independent and Episcopalian churches, such happy approaches to Presbyterianism. I congratulate Independent ministers upon the unions lately formed among them. They are a very important step towards the establishment of such a happy balance of power as so remarkably distinguishes Presbyterianism; and they will, it is hoped, save the worthy

ministers, of whom there are many in the Independent church, from the evils resulting from one of the grand defects of the Independent system, by which the people, though it may be transgressors against their minister, are constituted at the same time his accusers and judges. Who that wishes well to the cause of truth, does not rejoice at the efforts made within the Episcopalian church to get free from the trammels of Episcopacy. Though I would heartily wish the excellent Mr. Trench to go farther, and enter at once upon the full liberty which Christ has granted him, yet with all my heart I bid him God speed! in the efforts which he is making, in despite of ecclesiastical tyranny, to give to the Episcopal church some of the benefits of Presbyterianism. By means of that Presbytery, or Home Mission Committee as he calls it, of which he is moderator, he is doing a great and heavenly work. Let him go on and prosper. Though the bishops are against him, the people are for him,—the common people hear him and his fellow-presbyters gladly, as the common people heard his divine Master; and while he continues to stir up on his behalf, and on behalf of Christ, the warm zeal of the people, he needs not fear to cast, as he has done already, his Presbytery, or Mission Committee, or whatever he is pleased to call it, upon the Christian benevolence of those who feel that no pecuniary contribution can sufficiently express their own and their country's debt of gratitude for his disinterested labours.

While I thus see the great principles of the word of God carried into practical operation by different bodies, standing as yet in an unfriendly attitude, it gives me little concern about remaining prejudices against names. It would be absurd to expect that all the bitterness of bygone days should die in an hour, or that men should cease at once to be influenced by self-interest, prejudice, or the spirit of party. There is no ground for despair, so long as we see the influence of the truth extending, and men compelled by its force to act right, while they continue to talk wrong. There is, I grant you, at present a great spirit of disunion abroad; still, however, it swims chiefly on the surface of society. Men are as fiercely opposed to each other as ever, but principles are by no means so. Multitudes of those interested in upholding abuses and errors are no doubt making a desperate fight in the last breach, but even these are convinced that the struggle cannot last long; and much of the hard fighting which we see, and clamour which we hear, has no other object than to secure, on capitulation, the best possible terms. Good days are at hand. I am

certain that I see, away beyond the dark cloud which at present hangs over us, a bright sun and a clear sky; and I hear, amid the din of conflict round about me, the gentle accents of approaching peace. Much that has been effected by the great benevolent societies of our day, for spreading over the world the peace of the Gospel, has been effected by the Presbyterianism for which these societies are so distinguished; and, though there has lately been a melancholy rending asunder of that union of effort on a common ground which was the glory of some years past, yet so long as the friends of truth, whether Episcopalian, Independent, or any other denomination, continue steadily to carry Presbyterian principles into operation in their different societies, I feel confident that, in reliance on the operation of the Holy Spirit, much good will be accomplished in different spheres, and that, as these spheres widen, there will not only be a nearer approach, but an actual mingling together of the different companies of labourers, till at length the name of party shall be lost in the name of Christ, and Jesus alone shall be Lord of all. ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

"I HAVEN'T TIME."

ADDRESSED TO MEN OF BUSINESS.

THERE are many persons who believe in the necessity of personal religion, and who intend to give this subject, at some future time, their serious attention; but are so much occupied at the present moment, that every attempt to call up their minds to the great concern is met with the reply, "Go thy way for this time." In the hurry of their daily avocations, they find no "convenient season" to attend to the mighty concerns of ETERNITY.

Dear reader, are you among this class? Have you no time to secure eternal blessings? Have you no time to consider your neglect of the claims of God upon your soul? Stop a moment, I entreat you, and consider a few thoughts.

For what was time given you? God has already given you many years; and did he give you this time to spend only in the pursuit of perishing good? Did the infinitely wise and benevolent God intend that you should be driven, and hurried, and pressed through the world, and have your immortal mind occupied only by those things which will "leave you twice a beggar at your death?" No! He has given the precious day

of grace for the very purpose of serving him, and of securing your own salvation; and every hour that this work is neglected is stolen away from him. The necessary wants of life are small; and in reference to them God has said "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added to you." "For your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." O dying sinner! the time spent in pursuing worldly good to the neglect of your eternal interests, and in contempt of God, and Christ, and heaven, will be the source of the deepest anguish to you in eternity.

Again,—*How much time will it take to become a Christian?* The work of conversion is an instantaneous work. Except where it is delayed by the obstinacy, the perverseness, the worldliness, or the sloth of the sinner, it is accomplished in a moment. Many have gone into a religious meeting, anxious and distressed for their souls—yea, many even stupid and careless, who have come out with their hearts filled with the love of Christ. This was the case with three thousand on the day of Pentecost; and this is the case in our own day. As soon as they are willing to yield themselves, and their all to God, to be spent in his service, the work of conversion, or turning to God, is done; and like the Ethiopian whom Philip baptized, you can go on your way rejoicing. Not, that having obtained a hope of pardon, you can launch again into the world, with the same worldly feelings and desires as before; but in obedience to the injunction, "not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," you will pursue your business, if it is an honest calling, with renewed diligence, determined "whether you eat, or drink, or whatsoever you do, to do all to the glory of God." You will, as a matter of duty, be diligent in business, that you may redeem time for the immediate duties of religion, and to gain the means of spreading the Gospel in the world. I knew a merchant in one of our cities, whose mind was awakened to a thrilling interest for the salvation of perishing souls: he found time to go about doing good; and being accused by some of his worldly neighbours of neglecting his business, he appealed to his partners with confidence for their testimony, that his business was done with more punctuality and faithfulness, than it had ever been done before. But even allowing that you would literally be required to leave all that you have, in order to become a Christian; whether is it better "to enter into life" in poverty, or, having an abundance of this world's goods, "to be cast into hell fire, where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched?"

Again,—*Your attention to business does not prevent your attending to other things.* You find time to attend on the calls of friends, while you find none to gain the friendship of Jesus Christ, whose friendship is eternal life. Most men of business find time to converse and read about the politics and the news of the day; and in times of political excitement spend much time and attention upon it, who have no time to think, and speak, and pray over the things of another world. And why is it thus, but because their hearts are in the one, and they hate the other. Sometimes hours, and sometimes days are occupied in parties and excursions for pleasure, when no time can possibly be found to obtain those pleasures which flow from the throne of God. Public holidays some time occur, and you are forced from your business. If at these times you would suffer the infinite claims of God to bear on your mind, and if you would weigh the untold interests of your deathless soul, you would find time enough to secure the endless wealth of heaven, and escape an eternal hell. On how many wasted hours and days will the judgment day cast an awful light.

Again,—*Perhaps you have had seasons of illness or affliction, when you could not attend to business.*—These seasons were peculiarly calculated to fix your mind on the uncertainty and fading nature of worldly good. Then it was that God thundered in your ears the solemn truths which the cares of business had excluded from your mind. Had you no time then to secure the soul's eternal good? If you have had no such seasons—if uninterrupted health has been your portion, how is it, that while very few of the vast multitudes have escaped such seasons, that you with none of these drawbacks upon your business, have been obliged to be so constantly occupied as to find no time for the service of God who has thus prospered and blessed you? If such seasons have come, and you have found them full of pain or weakness, and your mind in consequence in no state to think of the interests of eternity, oh, then, what will be the awful condition of your poor neglected soul when your last sickness comes, and the weakness, and pains, and convulsions of death get hold of your feeble frame!

Again,—*You find time to sleep.* Sleep is needful. But a vast majority of men spend more time in sleep than is good for their health. The poet says,

> "Falsely luxurious, will not man awake;
> And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy

The sweet, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due, and sacred song?
For is there aught in sleep to charm the wise?
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life?"

An eminent writer speaking of this subject says, "six hours sleep is enough for man, and seven or eight for the brutes." Have you not, then, daily spent at least one hour in needless sleep, which might have been devoted to the interests of your soul? Three hundred and sixty-five hours are more than fifteen days each year. It may be true that some to whom this is addressed do not lose this time in sleep; they "rise early and sit up late" to accomplish their schemes of wealth. They wear out their lives in the service of mammon; enjoy nothing, even in this life, of what they earn; and then die, and leave it all behind "to heirs they know not who." "This also is vanity, and it is an evil disease."

Again,—*God has given you one-seventh part of time for this very purpose.* He has wisely and benevolently ordained the Christian Sabbath as a day of relaxation from worldly cares. On this day he *commands* the holy observance of its consecrated hours, in the very business which is now urged upon your attention. On pain of his endless displeasure, he forbids all secular work. One seventh part of your time, then, is given you for religious purposes, and perhaps you may have thought that you had improved it as you ought. It may be you have conscientiously abstained from your worldly business —you have read the Bible attentively, and you have gone to the house of God with great regularity.—But you have thus only added insult to God, by your heartless abuse of the day, and of the means of grace, in withholding your heart from him, and in not making these seasons the means of your conversion to God.

Have you, then, worldly-minded sinner, no time to be a Christian; no time to fix your mind on the great concern of eternity—of your soul—of heaven and hell—of God and Christ—of salvation and damnation? Every seven years of your life has brought you one whole year of Sabbaths, and have you no time? No time in these long years to consider God's claim upon you! You have found time for youthful pleasures—time for business—time to sleep—and time to serve the God of this world; but no time for the great God, your Creator and infinite Benefactor. You have found time to de-

stroy your own soul, and to entice others by your worldly example to neglect theirs—but no time to secure your own salvation, or to save those around you.

And now, is it not evident that your plea of a want of time is all a delusion of your own wicked heart, to set aside the present claims of God, and to quiet your conscience in your sins?

Yes, busy sinner! the truth blazes out like the mid-day sun—the language of your heart is, "I DON'T WISH TO GIVE THIS MOMENTOUS SUBJECT MY PRESENT ATTENTION."

Well, busy worldling! go on if you will, but consider—*You must find time to die.* Drive on your business—bury under it the thoughts of God and eternity—make your excuse of a want of time satisfy your own mind, and drown the voice of conscience—lay down this little messenger that has occupied your thoughts for a few moments—rush into your worldly cares, but remember *you must find time to die!* The grim messenger will not regard your plea. He will come, it may be, in the most unexpected moment, and lay his icy hands on your heart-strings. You will then lay down your business, and bid an eternal adieu to these cares which now fill your whole soul, and shut out Christ and salvation from your mind. Oh, then! when the darkness and despair of a lost eternity rush upon your mind, and fill your distracted soul as it sinks to hell, how will you look on that worldly business which you now regard as of such vast importance, and how will you look on your false and wicked plea, that you have no time to attend to your soul!

Remember—YOU MUST FIND TIME TO DIE!

ANECDOTES OF NON-CONFORMIST MINISTERS.

THOMAS MANTON, D. D.

BEING to preach before the lord mayor and the court of aldermen, at St. Paul's, the Doctor chose a subject, in which he had an opportunity to display his judgment and learning. He was heard with admiration and applause by the more intelligent part of the audience. But as he was returning from dinner with the lord mayor, in the evening, a poor man following him, pulled him by the sleeve of his gown, and asked if he was the gentleman that preached before the lord mayor.

He replied, he was. "Sir," says he, "I came with hopes of getting some good to my soul, but I was greatly disappointed, for I could not understand a great deal of what you said; you are now quite above me." The Doctor replied, "Friend, if I did not give you a sermon, you have given me one, and by the grace of God, I will never play the fool to preach before the lord mayor in such a manner again."

MR. BAGSHORE.

GOING one day to preach at some distance, he passed by the cottage of a shoemaker, who was sitting at work. He asked him if he would accompany him to the preaching. The poor man replied, "I have not time to spare, for I have a wife and family to maintain." The pious minister asked him, what he could earn in an hour and a half. Being informed, he gave it him, and the man went with him. The next time Mr. Bagshore was to preach, he passed by the cottage without calling, but had not proceeded far, till the shoemaker ran after him. Mr. Bagshore, on seeing him, "What! art thou going? I thought thou couldst not spare time to hear preaching, for thou hadst a wife and family to maintain. I cannot afford to pay thee every time." But the poor man's heart had been affected under the word, and hastily answered, "Thou shalt never pay me any more; I'll never stay behind any more; it was the best money I ever earned."

MR. OLIVER HEYWOOD.

IT is told concerning him, that on a time he was reduced to great straits, his little stock of money was quite exhausted, and the family provisions were entirely consumed. Mr. Heywood trusted that God would still provide for him, who had nothing but the divine providence to live upon. He said,

> When cruise and barrel both are dry,
> We still will trust in God most high.

When the children began to be impatient for food, Mr. Heywood called his servant, and said to her, "Martha, take a basket, and go to Halifax, call on Mr. N. the shopkeeper, and tell him I desire him to lend me five shillings. If he will be kind enough to do it, bring us some bread, some cheese, and such other little things as you know we most want. Be as expeditious as you can in returning home, for the poor children begin to be fretful for want of something to eat. In the mean time we

will offer up our requests to Him who "feedeth the young ravens when they cry, and who knows what we have need of before we ask him." Martha observed her master's directions; but when she came near the house where she was ordered to beg for the loan of five shillings, through timidity and bashfulness her heart failed her. She passed by the door again and again without having courage to go in and tell her errand. At length Mr. N. standing at his shop door, and seeing Martha in the street, called her to him, and said, "Are you not Mr. Heywood's servant?" When she, with an anxious heart, had answered in the affirmative, he added, "I am glad I have this opportunity of seeing you. Some friends have remitted me five guineas for your master, and I was just thinking how I could contrive to send it." Martha burst into tears, and for some time could not utter a syllable: the necessities of the family, their trust in Providence, the seasonableness of the supply, and a variety of other ideas entering in upon her mind at once, quite overpowered her. At length she told Mr. N. upon what errand she came, but that she had not courage to ask him to lend her poor master money. The gentleman could not but be affected with the story, and told Martha to come to him when the like necessity should press upon them at any future time. She made haste to procure the necessary provisions, and, with a heart lightened of its burden, ran home to tell the success of her journey.

Though she had not been long absent, the hungry family had often looked wishfully out of the window for her arrival. When she knocked at her master's door, it was presently opened, and the joy to see her was as great as when a fleet of ships arrive, laden with provisions, for the relief of a starving town closely besieged by an enemy. The children danced round the maid, eager to look into the basket of eatables; the patient mother wiped her eyes; the father smiled and said, "The Lord hath *not* forgotten to be gracious: his word is true from the beginning. The young lions do lack and suffer hunger, but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing." Martha related every circumstance of her little expedition as soon as tears of joy could permit this; and all partook of the homely fare with a sweeter relish than the fastidious Roman noble ever knew when thousands were expended to furnish one repast. Had you been present when this pious family were eating their bread and cheese, and drinking pure water from the spring, you might have found the good man thus addressing the wife of his bosom: "Did I not tell you, my dear,

that God would surely provide for us? Why were you so fearful, O ye of little faith? Our heavenly Father knoweth that we have need of these things. Jesus said unto his disciples, 'When I sent you without purse or scrip, lacked you any thing?' and they said, 'Nothing, Lord.'"

PROSPECTS OF SECESSION IN IRELAND.

We do not pretend to calculate the amount of good which the Secession has been the means of doing to immortal souls, since our Scottish forefathers planted the Gospel of Christ in the north of Ireland. For the success which attended their labours we bless the God in whom they trusted, and we would follow, though at an humble distance, in the path of their self-denied zeal and exertion.

When we look to the past, we see in ourselves much cause of humiliation before God, and, also, many grounds of thankfulness. When we survey the present aspect of our Church, which has already spread her fostering wings over so large a portion of the province, cherishing, as she has been enabled to do, the teachings of evangelical religion, we cannot help feeling that we are deeply indebted to the Divine blessing. God has crowned the feeble labours, both of ministers and people, with a share of prosperity in religion which they could not have anticipated. Let the members of the Secession, then, be encouraged to hold fast the testimony of our Lord and Saviour, and to put forth their best energies in the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, with entire dependence on his almighty arm. Let the Secession, through the length and breadth of her communion, endeavour to realize that enriching promise,—"My grace is sufficient for thee."

Turning from the past and present to the future, what shall we say of the *prospects* of the Secession Church in Ireland? We will say, that if she proves faithful to her Lord and Master, bright days are before her; and we have no desire to witness her extension and permanence on any other condition. She has received much, and much will be required of her. The ministers of the Secession are united in preaching the same Gospel, and holding forth to perishing sinners the same Almighty Saviour. They direct all who wait upon their ministrations to the revealed mode of obtaining acceptance and pardon; they beseech the stiff-hearted and far from righteousness to be reconciled to God through the atonement of Christ

Jesus, and to submit themselves to the righteousness of God; they urge the necessity of "the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost;" they exhort those that have believed in God to be careful to maintain good works for necessary uses, that they be not unfruitful; reminding them, at the same time, that their sufficiency is not of themselves but of God; they exhibit Jesus Christ as the Author and Finisher of faith; and, in one word, they are careful to publish, entire and unmutilated, "the glad tidings of salvation through the blood of the Lamb."

For the ministers of the Secession we claim not perfection; but we assert, on their behalf, such an uniformity in holding forth the word of life as is cheering to the people whom Providence has committed to their care; and in support of the correctness of our statement we appeal both to friends and enemies. We ask the friends of the Secession to declare from their own experience or knowledge, whether our pulpits do not uniformly resound with the doctrines of the Gospel in all their fulness and freeness. We challenge the enemies of the Secession, if such there be, to produce an instance of the people of our charge deliberating, as perhaps they return from public worship on the Lord's day evening, whether their minister is orthodox or not; and yet such instances may be found in some other churches. We feel, then, that we have every right to call upon the Secession people to persevere in cherishing and maintaining a ministry, whose instrumentality God has signally blessed in the defence of the great doctrines of grace. We call on the people to help their ministers by their prayers for them, that they may be enabled more and more, with one heart and one mind, to strive together for the faith of the Gospel.

But is it not true that, even during late years, there have been several cases of delinquency among the ministers of the Secession? We admit the melancholy fact. We mourn over it. Far be it from us to deny, or even palliate the guilt of abusing the sacred office, in whomsoever that abuse may show itself. We rejoice, however, that, in the judicatories of the Secession, these cases are disposed of by a vigorous and unsparing discipline. Such is the importance of discipline, that without it the best plans would fall into irretrievable confusion. "Whatsoever power or sway in mortal things," says Milton, "weaker men have attributed to fortune, I durst with more confidence (the honour of Divine Providence ever saved) ascribe either to the vigour or slackness of discipline. Nor is there any sociable perfection in this life, civil or sacred, that

can be above discipline; but she is that which, with her musical cords, preserves and holds all the parts thereof together. And certainly discipline is not only the removal of disorder; but if any visible shape can be given to divine things, the very visible shape and image of virtue, whereby she is not only seen in the regular gestures and motions of her heavenly paces as she walks, but also makes the harmony of her voice audible to mortal ears. Yea, the angels themselves, in whom no disorder is feared, as the apostle that saw them in his rapture describes, are distinguished and quaternioned into the celestial princedoms and satrapies, according as God himself has writ his imperial decrees through the great provinces of heaven. The state, also, of the blessed in Paradise, though never so perfect, is not therefore left without *discipline*, whose golden surveying reed marks out and measures every quarter and circuit of New Jerusalem." Discipline does not consist in the possession of a code of laws, however perfect and unexceptionable, but in the prompt and impartial application of these laws. The Church of Scotland, for example, possessed a tolerably decent code and statute-book at the very time that she was harassing our forefathers with vexatious and interminable litigations in her courts of judicature. But this is not the procedure of the Secession in Ireland. We confidently appeal to her presbyteries and synods for a confirmation of the statement, that the Secession has no desire to cloak her ministers or members from merited censure. Now in the midst of many things that are no doubt humbling, these considerations fill us with hope and joy. Let the Secession Church continue in the faith, with all her branches rooted and grounded in love; let her fail not to maintain, in doctrine, discipline, and worship, the whole truth as it is in Jesus; and she will go forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners.

D.

"Now I will ask you a strange question. Who is the most diligent bishop or prelate in all England, that passeth all the rest in doing office? Well ye know who it is. I will tell you—it is the devil. He is the most diligent preacher of all others,—he is never out of his diocese,—he is never from his cure,—he is ever in his parish. There was never such a preacher in England as he. In the meantime the prelates take their pleasure; they are lords and no labourers. Therefore, ye unpreaching prelates, learn of the devil to be diligent in doing your office. Learn of the devil, if ye will not of God and good men; learn of the devil, I say."—*Bishop Latimer.*

Wilson, Printer, 70, High street.